

THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY JAMES GRANT, AUTHOR OF "RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS," "THE GREAT METROPOLIS," "PORTRAITS OF PUBLIC CHARACTERS," &c.

No. 33. NEW SERIES.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1841.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

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THE OLD GENERAL GOING TO A LEVEE.



J. RIDER, PRINTER,
VOL. II.

[BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE.
II

ILLUSTRATIONS OF HUMANITY.

No. XXXIII.—THE OLD GENERAL GOING TO A LEVEE.

A ROYAL levee is an imposing and a splendid spectacle, and is regarded with peculiar veneration in all monarchical countries. To be presented at a levee to the reigning sovereign, is the very highest distinction to which many persons aspire.

The first appearance of a party at a levee is usually made on that party having performed some great public service, received some marked distinction from the crown, or been appointed to some important office. But when having once had the honour of being introduced to the monarch of the realm, the party may afterwards introduce any friend he pleases. Precautions are, however, as a matter of course, taken, to prevent the introduction to majesty of any improper person. The principal precaution is, that of requiring the names of all persons intended for presentation, to be forwarded to the palace some days before the ceremony takes place, in order that the proper inquiries may be made as to the fitness of the party aspiring at the honour of kissing hands with his sovereign.

Officers who have acquired distinction in the army, are particularly fond, on their retirement from active service, of appearing at court. The publication of their names next day in the Court Circular and the daily papers, as having had the honour of being in the royal presence, affords them a gratification of no common kind. They imagine the announcement of the incident is regarded by their countrymen as the most interesting intelligence which the journals contain. Their happiness for the moment is complete.

Our artist has caught a glance of an Old General fully equipped for being ushered into the presence of royalty. We at first imagined that our artist had seen him in the very act of making his obeisance to his sovereign; but that could not be, as artists are not permitted to obtain stolen glances of what is going on in the presence of royalty. Our artist must therefore have only seen the Old General when on his way to the palace. See how prim, self-complacent, and half-dandified he looks, notwithstanding his advanced age! Depend upon it, he is a man of far more consequence in his own estimation, than any one of the many hundreds of distinguished persons, who are to be presented, or are to present others, on the same occasion.

THE PROFESSIONS.

FROM AN IRISH PERIODICAL.

If what are called the liberal professions could speak, they would all utter the one cry, "we are overstocked;" and echo would reply "overstocked." This has long been a subject of complaint, and yet nobody seems inclined to mend the matter by making any sacrifice on his own part—just as in a crowd, to use a familiar illustration, the man who is loudest in exclaiming "dear me, what pressing and jostling people do keep here!" never thinks of lightening

the pressure by withdrawing his own person from the mass. There is, however, an advantage to be derived from the utterance and reiteration of the complaint, if not by those already in the press, at least by those who are still happily clear of it.

There are many "vanities and vexations of spirit" under the sun, but this evil of professional redundancy seems to be one of very great magnitude. It involves not merely an outlay of much precious time and substance to no purpose, but in most cases unfits those who constitute the "excess" from applying themselves afterwards to other pursuits. Such persons are the primary sufferers; but the community at large participates in the loss.

It cannot but be interesting to inquire to what this tendency may be owing, and what remedy it might be useful to apply to the evil. Now, it strikes me that the great cause is the exclusive attention which people pay to the great prizes, and their total inconsideration of the number of blanks which accompany them. Life itself has been compared to a lottery; but in some departments the scheme may be so particularly bad, that it is nothing short of absolute gambling to purchase a share in it. So it is in the professions. A few arrive at great eminence, and these few excite the envy and admiration of all beholders; but they are only a few compared with the number of those who linger in the shade, and, however anxious to enjoy the sport, never once get a rap at the ball.

Again, parents are apt to look upon the mere name of a profession as a provision for their children. They calculate all the expenses of general education, professional education, and then of admission to "liberty to practise;" and finding all these items amount to a tolerably large sum, they conceive they have bestowed an ample portion on the son who has cost them "thus much monies." But unfortunately they soon learn by experience that the elevation of a profession, great as it is, does not always possess that homely recommendation of causing the "pot to boil," and that the individual for whom this costly provision has been made, cannot be so soon left to shift for himself. Here then is another cause of this evil, namely, that people do not adequately and fairly calculate the whole cost.

Of our liberal professions, the army is the only one that yields a certain income as the produce of the purchase money. But in these "piping times of peace," a private soldier in the ranks might as well attempt to verify the old song, and

"Spend half-a-crown out of sixpence a day,"

as an ensign to pay mess-money and band money, and all other regulation monies, keep himself in dress coat and epaulettes, and all the other et ceteras, upon his mere pay. The thing cannot be done. To live in any comfort in the army, a subaltern should have an income from some other source, equal at least in amount to that which he receives through the hands of the paymaster. The army is, in fact, an expensive profession, and of all others the least agreeable to one who is prevented, by circumscribed means, from doing as his brother officers do. Yet the mistake of venturing to meet all these difficulties is not unfrequently admitted,—with what vain expectation it is needless to inquire. The usual result is such as one would anticipate, namely, that the rash adventurer, after incurring debts, or putting his friends to unlooked-for charges, is obliged after a short time to sell out, and bid farewell for ever to the unprofitable profession of arms.

It would be painful to dwell upon the situation of those who enter other professions without being duly prepared to wait their turn of employment. It is recognised as a poignantly applicable truth in the profession of the bar, that "many are called but few are chosen;" but with very

few and rare exceptions indeed, the necessity of *biding* the time is certain. In the legal and medical professions there is no fixed income, however small, insured to the adventurer; and unless his circle of friends and connexions be very wide and serviceable indeed, he should make up his mind for a procrastinated return and a late harvest. But how many from day to day, and from year to year, do launch their bark upon the ocean, without any such prudent foresight! The result therefore is, that vast proportion of disastrous voyages and shipwrecks of which we hear so constantly.

Such is the admitted evil—it is granted on all sides. The question is, what is to be done?—what is the remedy? Now, the remedy for an overstocked profession very evidently is, that people should forbear to enter it. I am no Malthusian on the subject of population: I desire no unnatural checks upon the increase and multiplication of her majesty's subjects; but I should like to drain off a surplus from certain situations, and turn off the in-flowing stream into more profitable channels. I would advise parents, then, to leave the choice of a liberal profession to those who are able to live without one. Such parties can afford to wait for advancement, however long it may be in coming, or to bear up against disappointment, if such should be their lot. With such it is a safe speculation, and they may be left to indulge in it, if they think proper. With others it is not so. But it will be asked, what is to be done with the multitudes who would be diverted from the professions, if this advice were acted upon? I answer, that the money unprofitably spent upon their education, and in fees of admission to these expensive pursuits, would insure them a "good location" and a certain provision for life in Canada, or some of the colonies; and that any honourable occupation which would yield a competency ought to be preferred to "professions" which, however "liberal," hold out to the many but a very doubtful prospect of that result.

It is much to be regretted that there is a prevalent notion among certain of my countrymen, that "trade" is not a "genteel" thing, and that it must be eschewed by those who have any pretensions to fashion. This unfortunate, and I must say unsound state of opinion, contributes also I fear, in no small degree, to that professional redundancy of which we have been speaking. The supposed absolute necessity of a high classical education is a natural concomitant of this opinion. All our schools therefore are eminently classical. The University follows, as a matter of course, and then the University leads to a liberal profession, as surely as one step of a ladder conducts to another. Thus the evil is nourished at the very root. Now, I would take the liberty of advising those parents who may concur with me in the main point of over-supply in the professions, to begin at the beginning, and in the education of their children, to exchange this super-abundance of Greek and Latin for the less elegant but more useful accomplishment of "ciphering." I am disposed to concur with that facetious but shrewd fellow, Mr. Samuel Slick, upon the inestimable advantages of that too much neglected art—neglected, I mean, in our country here, Ireland. He has demonstrated that they do every thing by it in the States, and that without it they could do nothing. With the most profound respect to my countrymen, then, I would earnestly recommend them to cultivate it. But it may perhaps be said that there is no encouragement to mercantile pursuits in Ireland, and that if there were, there would be no necessity for me to recommend "ciphering" and its virtues to the people. To this I answer, that merchandize offers its prizes to the ingenious and venturous much rather than to those who wait for a "highway" to be made for them. If people were resolved to live by trade, I think

they would contrive to do so—many more, at least, than at present operate successfully in that department. If more of education, and more of mind, were turned in that direction, new sources of profitable industry, at present unthought of, would probably discover themselves. Much might be said on this subject, but I shall not enter further into the speculation, quite satisfied if I have thrown out a hint which may be found capable of improvement by others.

THE FAIR MAID OF LUDGATE.

THE reign of King Charles the Second of England was marked by two great public calamities: the first of them, that memorable plague which devastated London; and then followed that deplorable fire which destroyed such a large portion of the same devoted metropolis.

It happened shortly before the pestilence, that the king had a design to serve in the city; wherefore he rode that way on horseback, attended only by the Lord Rochester, and one or two gentlemen of the court. As they were riding gently, in this manner, up the hill of Ludgate, towards St. Paul's, the earl observed that the king stopped short, and fixed his eyes on a certain casement on the right hand side of the way. The gentlemen, turning their heads in the same direction, immediately beheld a young and beautiful woman, in a very rich and fanciful dress, and worthy indeed of the admiration of the monarch; who with sheer delight stood as if rooted to the spot. The lady for a while did not observe this stoppage, so that the company of courtiers had full time to observe her countenance and dress. She wore upon her head a small cap of black velvet, which fitted very close, and came down with a point upon her forehead, where at the peak of the velvet, there hung a very large pearl. Her hair, which was of an auburn colour, and very abundant, fell down on either side of her face in large ringlets, according to the fashion of the time, and clustered daintily about her fair neck and bosom; several of the locks, moreover, being bound together here and there by clusters of fine pearls. As for her boddyce, it was of white silk, with a goodly brooch of emeralds in the shape of strawberry leaves, which were held together by stalks of gold. Her sleeves, which were very wide, and hung loose from the elbow, were of the same silk; but there was a short under-sleeve of peach-blossom satin, that fastened with clasps of emerald about the mid-arm. Her bracelets were ornamented with the same gem; but the bands were of gold, as well as the girdle that encircled her waist. Thus much the company could perceive, as she leaned upon the edge of the window with one delicate hand: at last—for in the mean while she had been stedfastly looking abroad, as in a reverie—she recollected herself, and observing that she was gazed at, immediately withdrew.

The king watched a minute or two at the window, after she was gone, like a man in a dream; and then turning round to Rochester, inquired if he knew any thing of the lady he had seen. The earl replied instantly that he knew nothing of her, except she was the loveliest creature that had ever feasted his eyes; whereupon the king commanded him to remain behind, and learn as many particulars as he could. The king with the gentlemen then rode on very thoughtfully into the city, where he transacted what he had to do, and then returned with the same company by Cheapside, where they encountered the earl.

As soon as the king saw Rochester, he asked eagerly, "What news?" Whereupon the latter acquainted him with all he knew. "As for her name," he said, "she is called Alice, but her surname is swallowed up in that of the Fair Maid of Ludgate—for that is her only title in

these parts. She is an only child, and her father is a rich jeweller; and so in faith was her mother likewise, to judge by this splendid sample of their workmanship."

"Verily I think so too," returned the monarch; "she must come to court." And with that they began to concert together how to prosecute that design.

And doubtless the Fair Maid of Ludgate would have been ensnared by the devices of that profligate courtier, but for an event that turned all thoughts of intrigue and human pleasure into utter despondency and affright. For now broke out that dreadful pestilence which soon raged so awfully throughout the great city, the mortality increasing from hundreds to thousands of deaths in a single week. At the first ravages of the infection, a vast number of families deserted their houses, and fled into the country; the remainder enclosing themselves as rigidly within their own dwellings, as if they had been separately besieged by some invisible foe. In the mean time, the pestilence increased in fury, spreading from house to house, and from street to street, till whole parishes were subjected to its rage. At this point, the father of Alice fell suddenly ill, though not of the pest; however, the terrified domestics could not be persuaded otherwise, than that he was smitten by the plague, and accordingly they all ran off together, leaving him to the sole care of his afflicted child.

On the morning after this desertion, as she sat weeping at the bedside of her father, the Fair Maid heard a great noise of voices in the street; wherefore, looking forth at the front casement, she saw a number of youths, with horses ready saddled and bridled, standing about the door. As soon as she showed herself at the window, they all began to call out together, beseeching her to come down, and fly with them from the city of death; which touched the heart of Alice very much: after thanking them therefore, with her eyes full of tears, she pointed inwards, and told them that her father was unable to rise from his bed.

"Then there is no help for him," cried Hugh Percy. "God receive his soul! The plague is striding hither very fast. I have seen the red crosses in Cheapside. Pray come down, therefore, unto us, dearest Alice, for we will wait on you to the ends of the earth."

The sorrowful Alice wept abundantly at this speech, and it was some minutes before she could make any answer.

"Hugh Percy," she said at last, "if it be as you say, the will of God be done; but I will never depart from the help of my dear father;" and with that, waving her hand to them as a last farewell, she closed the casement, and returned to the sick chamber.

On the morrow, the gentle youths came again to the house on the same errand, but they were fewer than before. They moved Alice by their outcries to come at last to the window, who replied in the same way to their intreaties, notwithstanding the fond youths continued to use their arguments, with many prayers to her, to come down, but she remained constant in her denial; at length, missing some of the number, she inquired for Hugh Percy, and they answered dejectedly, that he had sickened of the plague that very morn.

"Alas! gentle kind friends," she cried, "let this be your warning, and depart hence in good time. It will make me miserable for ever to be answerable for your mischances; as for myself, I am resigned entirely to the dispensation of God." And with these words she closed the window, and the melancholy youths went away slowly, except one, who had neither brought any horse with him, nor joined in the supplications of the rest. The disconsolate Alice, coming afterwards to the window for air, beheld him thus standing with his arms folded against the door.

"How is this, Ralph Seaton, that you still linger about this melancholy place?"

"Gentle Alice," returned Seaton, "I have not come hither like the others to bid you fly away from hence; neither must you bid me depart against my will."

"Ralph Seaton, my heart is brimfull of thanks to you for this tenderness towards me; but you have a mother and sister for your care."

"They are safe, Alice, and far from this horrible place."

"Would to God you were with them! Dear Ralph Seaton, begone; and the love you bear towards me set only at a distance in your prayers. I wish you a thousand farewells in one word—but, pray, begone." And with that, turning away, with one hand over her eyes, she closed the casement with the other, as if for ever and ever.

The next morning the young men came for the third time to the house, and there was a red cross but a few doors off. The youths were now but three or four in number, several having betaken themselves to the country in despair, and others had been breathed upon by the life-wasting pestilence. It was a long while before Alice came to the window, so that their hearts began to sink with dread, for they made sure that she was taken ill. However, she came forth to them at last, in extreme distress, to see them so wilful for her sake.

"For the dear love of God!" she cried, "do not come thus any more, unless you would break my heart! Lo! the dreadful signal of death is at hand, and to-morrow it may be set upon this very door. Do not cause the curses of your friends and parents to be heaped hereafter on my miserable head. If you have any pity for me in your hearts, pray let this be the uttermost farewell between us."

At these words, the sad youths began to shed tears; and some of them, with a broken voice, begged of her to bestow on them some tokens for a remembrance. Thereupon she went for her bracelets, and after kissing them, gave them between two of the young men; to a third she cast her glove; but to Seaton she dropped a ring, which she had pressed sundry times to her lips.

The day after the final departure of the young men, the ominous red cross was marked on the jeweller's door; for as he was known to be ill, it was supposed of course that his malady was the plague. In consequence, the door was rigorously nailed up, so that no one could pass in or out, and moreover, there were watchmen appointed for the same purpose of blockade. It was the duty of these attendants to see that the people within the suspected houses were duly supplied with provision; whereas, by the negligence of these hard-hearted men, it happened frequently that the persons confined within perished of absolute want. Thus it befel after some days, that Alice saw her father relapsing again, for the lack of mere necessities to support him in his weakness, his disorder having considerably abated. In this extremity, seeing a solitary man in the street, she stretched out her arms towards him, and besought him for the love of God to bring a little food; but the bewildered man, instead of understanding, bade her "flee from the wrath to come," and with sundry leaps and frantic gestures, went capering and dancing on his way.

Her heart at this disappointment was ready to burst with despair; but turning her eyes towards the opposite side, she perceived another man coming down the street, with a pitcher and a small loaf. As soon as he came under the window, she made the same prayer to him as to the former, begging him for charity, and the sake of her dear father, to allow him but a sup of the water and a small morsel of the bread.

"It is for that purpose," said the other, "that I am come."

And as he looked upward, she discovered that it was Seaton who had brought this very timely supply. "You may eat and drink of these," he continued, "without any suspicion, for they come from a place many miles hence, where the infection is yet unknown."

The heart of Alice was too full to let her reply, but she ran forthwith, and fetched a cord, to draw up the loaf and the pitcher withal, the last being filled with good wine. When her father had finished his repast, which revived him very much, she returned with the pitcher, and let it down by the cord to Seaton, who perceived something glittering within the vessel.

"Ralph Seaton," she said, "wear that jewel for my sake. The blessing of God be ever with you in return for this precious deed! but I conjure you, by the Holy Trinity, do not come hither again."

The generous Seaton with great joy placed the brooch within his bosom, and with a signal of farewell to Alice, departed without another word. And now her heart began to think again of the morrow, when assuredly her beloved parent would be reduced to the like extremity; for during all this time the negligent watchman had never come within sight of the house. All the night hours she spent, therefore, in anguish and dread, which were still more aggravated by the dismal rumbling of the carts, that at midnight were used to come about for the corpses of the dead.

In the middle of the night one of those coarse slovenly hearsees, with a cargo of dead bodies, passed through the street, attended by a bellman and some porters, with flaming torches, unto whom the miserable Alice called out with a lamentable voice. The men, at her summons, came under the window with the cart, expecting some dead body to be cast out to them, the mortality admitting of no more decent rites; but when they heard what she wanted, they replied sullenly, that they had business enough of their own to convey away all the carrion,—and so passed on with their horrible chimes.

The morning was spent in the same alternations of fruitless hope and despair,—till towards noon, when Seaton came again with the pitcher and a small basket, which contained some cold baked meat, and other eatables, that he had procured with infinite pains from a country place, at a considerable distance. The fair maiden drew up these supplies with great eagerness, her father beginning now to have that appetite which is one of the first symptoms of recovery from any sickness; accordingly he fed upon the victuals with great relish. The gentle Alice, in the mean while, lowered down the empty basket and the pitcher to Seaton, and then again besought him not to expose himself to such risks by coming into the city; to which he made no answer but by pressing his hands against his bosom, as if to express that such errands gratified his heart; whereupon she made fresh signs to say farewell, and he departed.

In this manner several weeks passed away, the gallant youth never failing to come day after day with fresh provision, till at last the old jeweller was able to sit up. The gracious Providence preserved them all, in the mean time, from any attack of the pestilence, though many persons died every day, on both sides of the street, the distemper being at its worst pitch. Thus the houses became desolate, and the streets silent, and beginning to look green even, by the springing up of grass between the untrodden stones.

The prison-house of the Fair Maid of Ludgate and her father, soon became, therefore, very irksome, and especially when the latter got well enough to stir about, and to behold through the window these symptoms of the public calamity, which filled him with more anxiety than he had

ever felt, on account of his dear child, whose life was not secure, any more than his own, for a single hour. His alarm and disquiet on this account threatening to bring on a relapse of his malady, the tender girl found but little happiness in his recovery, which seemed thus to have been altogether in vain. And truly, it was a sufficient grief for any one to be in the centre, though unhurt, of such a horrible devastation; whereof none could guess at the continuance, whether it would cease of its own accord, or rage on till there were no more victims to be destroyed.

The plague, however, abated towards the close of the year, when the king, who had removed with his court to Windsor in the midst of the alarm, felt disposed one day to pay a visit to the metropolis. Accordingly, mounting on horseback, he rode into town, accompanied by the lord Rochester, and the same gentlemen who had been his attendants on the former occasion.

The monarch was naturally much shocked at the desolate aspect of the place, which from a great and populous city, had become almost a desert; the sound of the horses' hoofs echoing dismally throughout the solitary streets, but bringing very few persons to look out at the windows, and of those, the chief part were more like lean ghastly ghosts than human living creatures. In consequence, he rode along in a very melancholy mood of mind, which the pleasant earl endeavoured to enliven by various witty jests, but without any effect, for they sounded hollow and untimely, even in his own ear.

At last arriving at the Hill of Ludgate, and the image of the Fair Maid coming to his remembrance, the king looked towards the house; and lo! there frowned the horrible red cross, which was still distinct upon the door. Immediately he pointed out this deadly signal to Rochester, who had already noticed it, and then both shook their heads, meaning to say that she was dead; however, to make certain, the earl alighted, and knocked with all his might at the door. But there was no answer, nor any appearance of a face at any window. Thereupon, with very heavy hearts, they rode onwards for a few doors farther, where there was a young man, like a spectre, sitting at an open casement, with a large book, like a Bible, in his hands. The king, who spied him first, asked of him very eagerly whether the Fair Maid of Ludgate was alive or dead, but the ghostly man could tell nothing of the matter, except that the jeweller had been the very first person to be seized by the plague in their quarter. Thereupon the king made up his mind that the fair Alice had perished amongst the many thousand victims of the pest, and with a very sorrowful visage he rode on through the city, where he spent some hours in noticing the deplorable consequences of that visitation.

Afterwards, he returned with his company by the same way, and when they came towards the jeweller's house, in Ludgate, there were several young men standing about the door. They had been knocking to obtain tidings of the Fair Maid, but without any better success than before; so that getting very impatient they began, as the king came up, to cast stones through the windows. The earl of Rochester, seeing them at this vain work, called out as he passed,

"Gentlemen, you are wasting your labour! The divinity of your city is dead; as you may know, by asking of the living skeleton at yonder casement."

At these words, the young men, supposing that the earl had authority for what he said, desisted from their attempts, and the two companies went each their several ways; the king with his attendants to Windsor, and the sad youths to their homes, with grief on all their faces, and very aching hearts, through sorrow for the Fair Maid of Ludgate.

As for the gallant Ralph Seaton, he had ceased to come beneath the window for some time before, since there was no longer any one living within the house to drink from his pitcher, or to eat out of his basket. Notwithstanding, he continued now and then to bring a few pieces of game, and sometimes a flask also, to the father of Alice, who lived under the same roof, for the elder Seaton was a good yeoman of Kent, and thither Ralph had conveyed the old citizen as soon as he was well enough to be removed. The old jeweller outlived the plague by a score of years; but the Fair Maid of Ludgate, who had survived the pestilence, was carried off shortly afterwards by marriage, the title which had belonged to her in the city being resolved into that of the dame Alice Seaton.

MORAL EVIL MAN'S OWN CREATION.

MAN brings upon himself a thousand calamities, as consequences of his artifices and pride, and then, overlooking his own follies, gravely investigates the origin of what he calls evil.

He compromises every natural pleasure to acquire fame among transient beings, who forget him nightly in sleep, and eternally in death; and seeks to render his name celebrated among posterity, though it has no identity with his person, and though posterity and himself can have no contemporaneous feeling.

He deprives himself and all around him of every passing enjoyment, to accumulate wealth that he may purchase other men's labour, in the vain hope of adding happiness to his own.

He omits to make effective laws to protect the poor against the oppressions of the rich, and then wears out his existence under the fear of becoming poor, and being the victim of his own neglect and injustice.

He arms himself with murderous weapons; and on the slightest instigation, and for hire, practises murder as a science, follows this science as a regular profession, and honours its chiefs above benefactors and philosophers, in proportion to the quantity of blood they have shed, or the mischiefs they have perpetrated.

He disguises the most worthless of the people in showy liveries, and then excites them to murder men whom they never saw, by the fear of being killed if they do not kill.

He revels in luxury and gluttony, and then complains of the diseases which result from repletion.

He tries in all things to counteract or improve the provisions of nature, and then afflicts himself at his disappointments.

He multiplies the chances against his own life and health by his numerous artifices, and then wonders at their fatal results.

He shuts his eyes against the volume of truth as presented by nature, and, vainly considering that all was made for him, founds on this false assumption various doubts in regard to the justice of eternal causation.

He interdicts the enjoyment of all other creatures, and regarding the world as his property, in mere wantonness destroys myriads on whom have been bestowed beauties and perfections.

He forgets that to live and let live is a maxim of universal justice, extending not only to his fellow-creatures, but to inferior ones, to whom his moral obligations are greater, because they are more in his power.

He afflicts himself that he cannot live for ever, though his forefathers have successively died to make room for him.

He repines at the thought of losing that life, the use of which he so often perverts: and though he began to exist but yesterday, thinks the world was made for him, and that he ought to continue to enjoy it for ever.

He desires to govern others, but, regardless of their dependence upon his benevolence, is commonly gratified in displaying the power entrusted to him by a tyrannical abuse of it.

He makes laws, which, in the hands of mercenary lawyers, serve as snares to unwary poverty—but as shields to crafty wealth.

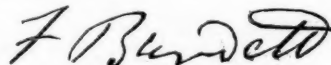
He acknowledges the importance of educating youth, yet teaches them any thing but their social duties in the political state in which they live.

He passes his days in questioning the providence of nature, in ascribing evil to supernatural causes, in feverish expectation of results contrary to the necessary harmony of the world.

AUTOGRAPHS AND NOTICES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.—No. VII.

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT.

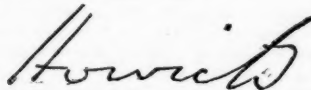
THE penmanship of the hon. baronet, so long, in the estimation of ultra-reformers, "Westminster's pride and England's glory," has a good deal of the crooked irregular aspect which usually characterises the penmanship of persons of advanced age.



Sir Francis, though now upwards of sixty-five years of age, is as erect in his gait, and as neat in his general appearance, as if he were only in his thirtieth year; in fact he is still decidedly handsome. His complexion is clear and fresh, and his face is without a wrinkle. His hair is of a snow-white complexion, and very long, though gradually getting thinner than it used to be. He now very rarely attends the House of Commons, but mingles much in society. There is an impression abroad, that in the advent of Sir Robert Peel to office, he will be raised to the peerage.

LORD HOWICK.

There is, it will be seen, a sort of crookedness about the autograph of the noble lord, who, as the reader is aware, is the son of earl Grey, and is destined to succeed him in his title and estates. He has just been ejected from the representation of Northumberland.

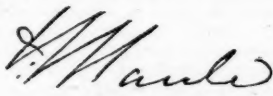


In the noble lord's case, the theory of a sympathy between the mental character and penmanship of individuals holds good to a certain extent, for he is a crooked-tempered capricious man. He is one of the impracticable class; which is the more to be regretted, as he possesses a highly-cultivated mind and great general talents. He is lame on one leg, which causes a marked limping in his walk. He is tall and slender, with a visible stoop about the shoulders. His hair is of a sandy colour, and his complexion pale. His features are hard and thin, and the expression of his countenance is that of a discontented man. He is about his fortieth year.

MR. FOX MAULE.

Mr. Fox Maule, late member for the Elgin district of Burghs, but now the member for Perth, writes a passable

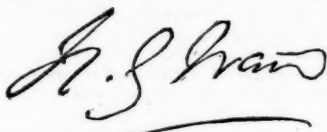
hand, which is not at all times very easy to read. Just see what a funny "F" he patronises!



The hon. gentleman may be expected to be soon raised to the peerage, and to a seat in the House of Lords, as his father, Lord Panmure, is now feeble in his constitution, and far advanced in life. He is about the average height, firmly made, has a healthy-looking round face, and an abundant crop of dark hair. He is a man of very considerable talents, and possesses much weight in the House of Commons. He is about his forty-second or forty-third year.

MR. H. G. WARD.

Mr. Ward, the member for Sheffield, and son of the author of "Tremaine," and other popular works of fiction, writes a somewhat dashing hand.



He is an intellectual man, and is possessed of very general information. He takes an active part in the editorial management of the "Weekly Chronicle," of which he is the principal, if not the sole proprietor. He is above the general height, is well and rather athletically made, and has, like Mr. Fox Maule, a round healthful-looking countenance. His hair is of a brownish hue. I should suppose his age to be about forty-four or forty-five.

THE COCKNEY AND THE JACKASS.

[FROM "NOTES ON THE SUBURBS OF LONDON."]

I WAS much amused with a cockney youth, seemingly about twenty years of age, of very affected manners, who was ambitious of exhibiting his person on the back of a donkey on Blackheath. Advancing towards one of the stands, on which there stood fifteen or twenty of these animals, with their proprietors all anxious to be employed, he accosted the latter in what is called a puppyish air and manner, with "Well, old fellows, who has got the best donkey for a ride?"

"Here you are, sir," shouted a dozen voices, each donkey proprietor drawing his animal towards the cockney.

"I can't ride on all of them; which is the best?" said the dandy, resting his hands on his sides, and strutting about with an air of great consequence.

"This von's the best, sir," cried one.

"No, it ain't," vociferated another. "This 'ere hanimal is betterer nor any won on the stand."

"Both on 'em's told you a gallow's lie, sir; none of their hasses can lift a leg; but here's a beast of the right sort," said a third.

"Here's a capital good 'un, sir; three years old next grass-time, sir," was the recommendation of his donkey, which was given by a fourth.

"My von's the best as vas ever seed, sir; ven he's once a-set a going, he'll never stop, sir. It's truth I say, sir," remarked a fifth.

"Then," said the cockney, "I'll take him."

"Yes, sir," observed another opposition proprietor of a couple of donkeys; "but there's no setting him a-going. Nobody ever saw him trot a step."

"Here's a reg'lar trump of an hanimal, sir," said another; you've only to touch him this way, and off he gallops at once."

As the donkey proprietor spoke, he pretended to touch the ass's side with his fingers, and, sure enough, the animal made two or three abortive attempts at a leap.

"Ay, there's some spirit in that donkey," said the cockney youth, not aware that the cunning rogue of a proprietor had achieved the two or three bungled leaps which the animal gave, by pricking it with a pin. "What is the charge?"

"It depends on how far you ride, sir."

"From one end of the heath to the other."

"Only a shilling, sir."

"Then, here goes."

And, so saying, the cockney was astride the ass's back in a twinkling.

"The shilling, sir, if you please," said the proprietor of the animal, with a knowing look.

"Why, isn't it time enough when I have had my ride?" said the dandy, pulling a shilling out of his pocket, and transferring it to the other.

"Always in advance, sir," answered the ass-proprietor, archly, pocketing the silver image of William the Fourth.

"Now then," said the cockney, applying a switch to the sides of the donkey, and looking as if he supposed he was about to start off at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. "Now then."

The animal either did not hear or did not heed the "Now then" of the cockney. "Why, he won't go," said the latter, in a tone of voice, and with a look at the proprietor of the beast, indicative of surprise and disappointment.

"He will, by and by," said the other coolly.

"But I want him to go now."

"Werry good, sir; as soon as you and the hanimal pleases."

The dandy rider was confounded at the consummate nonchalance of the person whose ass he was patronising. "I say, old fellow, I won't stand any nonsense, and pay for it too. Either make your ass go, or give me back my shilling," remarked the cockney youth, in half-indignant tones.

"We never gives back any shiners, sir, arter we've got 'em," answered the other, with the same dryness of manner as before.

"Then, sir, make your beast go."

"That's more than I can always do, sir; he's a little obstinate at times, as all hasses are: but when once he sets off, there's ne'er a better runner on the heath."

"Yes, zur," interposed a clownish-looking fellow, with a smock-frock and a dirty demure-looking face; "but the worst of it is, he never sets off at all."

I had a shrewd suspicion that such was the fact, before the latter personage made the observation; and after two or three more equally ineffectual attempts to cause the animal to start, the dandy rider became a proselyte to the same opinion.

Finding he might as soon have expected to move Greenwich church, as to move the animal on whose back he sat, he dismounted, muttering imprecations of no very pleasant kind, both on the ass and its owner. His imprecations were equally disregarded by both.

"Try this one, sir;" "Here's a prime 'un, sir;" "No mistake with this here hanimal, sir;" "Here's the reg'lar racer, sir;" were only a few of the many sounds which

greeted his ears as he alighted. In short, in a few seconds he was surrounded by a congregation, to the number of twenty or two dozen, of jackasses and their owners; the latter of whom respectively besieged him with their applications to try their "hanimals," with a vehemence and perseverance amounting to positive persecution. At first, savage and surly at the "hobstinaey" of the beast he had but a few moments ago bestrode, he refused to listen to any of their solicitations; but one of the ass-owners was so very eloquent in his entreaties for a trial of his donkey, that the cockney at length acceded to his request; stipulating, however, beforehand, that he would not pay his shilling until satisfied of the racing capabilities and disposition of the animal. He mounted the beast, and the owner, a young knowing-looking fellow, immediately pricked it with a pin, when it set off at a smart trot. "Ah, I told you that's your sort, sir; that's the hanimal as can run in slap-up style," said the proprietor of the beast, keeping up with it, and prompting it forward by repeated applications of the pin to its side. "Ay, this *is* something like an ass," said the cockney. "Here, take your shilling," he added, pulling up the donkey for a moment, and putting that amount of the coin of the realm into the hand of the cunning rogue. "Now then, long ears," said the dandy, apostrophising the donkey, and applying the switch to it, with the view of setting out on a regular gallop along the road.

The animal moved not a step.

"Holloa, old donkey! what's the matter that you won't go?" said the spruce rider, applying his heels to the sides of the animal.

The latter was appealed to in vain. There it stood as motionless as the bronze horse with the statue of George the Third on his back, near the Italian Opera House.

"I say, old fellow," said the cockney, now transferring his appeal from the ass to its owner; "I say, old fellow, why don't the animal go?"

"Can't tell, sir; he knows the reason best himself," answered the other with inimitable coolness.

"Is there no way of *making* him go?"

"He won't be made, sir; he never does anything by force. If you wait until he comes to himself, he'll start off again."

"But when will that be?"

"Ay, that's more than I can tell; but not before he pleases."

The cockney looked first at the donkey, and then at its owner, as if he could have eaten both by way of revenging himself for the obstinacy and laziness of the one, and the consummate coolness of the other. He then suddenly dismounted, heaping curses, both loud and deep, on asses of all descriptions, not excepting himself, for being such an ass as to be thus taken in, and laughed at into the bargain, by the donkey owners of Blackheath.

THE LABOUR OF STUDY.

It is impossible for any man to be a determined student without endangering his health. Man was made to be active. The hunter who roams through the forest, or climbs the rocks of the Alps, is the man who is hardy, and in the most robust health. The sailor who has been rocked by a thousand storms, and who labours day and night, is a hardy man, unless dissipation has broken his constitution. Any man of active habits is likely to enjoy good health, if he does not too frequently over-exert himself. But the student's habits are all unnatural, and by them nature is continually cramped and restrained. Men err in nothing more than in the estimate which they make of human labour. The hero of the world is the man that

makes a bustle—the man that makes the road smoke under his chaise-and-four—the man that raises a dust about him—the man that ravages or devastates empires. But what is the real labour of this man, compared with that of a silent sufferer? He lives on his projects: he encounters, perhaps, rough roads, incommodious inns, bad food, storms and perils; but what are these? His project, his point, the thing that has laid hold on his heart—glory—a name—consequence—pleasure—wealth—these render the man callous to the pains and efforts of the body. I have been in both states, and therefore understand them; and I know that men form this false estimate. Besides, there is something in bustle, and stir, and activity, that supports itself. At one period I preached and read five times on a Sunday, and rode sixteen miles. But what did it cost me? Nothing! Yet most men would have looked on, while I was rattling from village to village, with all the dogs barking at my heels, and would have called me a hero; whereas, if they were to look at me now, they would call me an idle, lounging fellow. "He gets into his study," they would say, "he walks from end to end—he scribbles on a scrap of paper—he throws it away and scribbles on another—he sits down—scribbles again—walks about!" They cannot see that here is an exhaustion of the spirit which, at night, will leave me worn to the extremity of endurance. They cannot see the numberless efforts of mind which are crossed and stifled, and recoil on the spirits, like the fruitless efforts of a traveller to get firm footing among the ashes on the steep sides of Mount Etna.—*Rev. John Todd, Student's Guide.*

SINGULAR ADVENTURE.

COLTER came to St. Louis, in May, 1810, in a small canoe, from the head waters of the Missouri, a distance of three hundred miles, which he traversed in thirty days. I saw him on his arrival, and received from him an account of his adventures, after he had separated from Lewis and Clark's party. I shall relate one anecdote, for its singularity. On the arrival of the party at the headwaters of the Missouri, Colter observing an appearance of an abundance of beaver being there, got permission to remain and hunt for some time, which he did in company with a man of the name of Dixon, who had traversed the immense tract of country from St. Louis to the headwaters of the Missouri, alone. Soon after, he separated from Dixon and *trapped*, in company with a hunter named Potts; and aware of the hostility of the Blackfoot Indians, one of whom had been killed by Lewis, they set their traps at night, and took them up early in the morning, remaining concealed during the day. They were examining their traps early one morning in a creek about six miles from that branch of the Missouri called Jefferson Fork, and were ascending in a canoe, when they suddenly heard a great noise, resembling the trampling of animals; but they could not ascertain the fact, as the high perpendicular banks on each side of the river impeded their view. Colter pronounced it to be occasioned by Indians, and advised an instant retreat, but was accused of cowardice by Potts, who insisted that the noise was caused by buffaloes; and they proceeded on. In a few minutes afterwards their doubts were removed, by a party of Indians making their appearance on both sides of the creek, to the amount of five or six hundred, who beckoned them to come ashore. As retreat was now impossible, Colter turned the head of the canoe; and, at the moment of its touching, an Indian seized the rifle belonging to Potts; but Colter, who is a remarkably strong man, immediately retook it, and handed it to Potts, who remained in the canoe, and on receiving it pushed off into

the river. He had scarcely quitted the shore when an arrow was shot at him, and he cried out, 'Colter, I am wounded!' Colter remonstrated with him on the folly of attempting to escape, and urged him to come ashore. Instead of complying, he instantly levelled his rifle at the Indian, and shot him dead on the spot. This conduct, situated as he was, may appear to have been an act of madness, but it was doubtless the effect of sudden but sound reasoning; for, if taken alive, he must have expected to be tortured to death according to their custom. He was instantly pierced with arrows so numerous, that, to use Colter's words, '*he was made a riddle of.*' They now seized Colter, stripped him entirely naked, and began to consult on the manner in which he should be put to death. They were at first inclined to set him up as a mark to shoot at, but the chief interfered, and seizing him by the shoulder, asked him if he could run fast? Colter, who had been some time among the Kee-katso or Crow Indians, had in a considerable degree acquired the Black-foot language, and was also well acquainted with Indian customs; he knew that he had now to run for his life, with the dreadful odds of five or six hundred against him, and those armed Indians; he therefore cunningly replied that he was a very bad runner, although he was considered by the hunters as remarkably swift. The chief now commanded the party to remain stationary, and led Colter out on the prairie about three or four hundred yards and released him, bidding him save himself if he could. At this instant the horrid war-whoop sounded in the ears of poor Colter, who urged with the hope of preserving life, ran with a speed at which he himself was surprised. He proceeded towards the Jefferson Fork, having to traverse a plain six miles in breadth, abounding with the prickly pear, on which he was every instant treading with his naked feet. He ran nearly half way across the plain, before he ventured to look over his shoulder, when he perceived that the Indians were very much scattered, and that he had gained ground to a considerable distance from the main body; but one Indian, who carried a spear, was much before all the rest, and not more than one hundred yards from him. A faint gleam of hope now cheered the heart of Colter; he derived confidence from the belief that escape was within the bounds of possibility; but that confidence was nearly fatal to him, for he exerted himself to such a degree, that the blood gushed from his nostrils, and soon almost covered the fore part of his body. He had now arrived within a mile of the river, when he distinctly heard the appalling sound of footsteps close behind, and on looking over his shoulder perceived an Indian with a spear, which he was evidently preparing to hurl, within a few feet of him. As a last resource he suddenly stopped and turned round, with outstretched arms; the surprise of the Indian, who stopped likewise, made him stumble, and fall on the spear, which broke in two. Colter instantly seized the sharp part, with which he pinned him to the earth, and then continued his flight. The foremost of the Indians, on arriving at this place, stopped till others came up to join them, when they set up a hideous yell. Every moment of this time was improved by Colter, who, although fainting and exhausted, succeeded in gaining the skirting of the Cotton-tree Wood, on the borders of the Fork, through which he ran and plunged into the river. Fortunately for him, a little below this place was an island, against the upper part of which a raft of drift timber had lodged. He dived under the raft, and after several efforts, got his head above water amongst the trunks of trees, covered over with smaller wood to the depth of several feet. Scarcely had he secured himself when the Indians arrived on the river, screeching and yelling, as Colter expressed it, 'like so

many devils.' They were frequently on the raft during the day, and were seen through the chinks by Colter, who was congratulating himself on his escape, until the idea arose that they might set the raft on fire. In horrible suspense he remained until night, when hearing no more of the Indians, he dived under the raft, and swam silently down the river to a considerable distance; here he landed and travelled all night. Although happy in having escaped from the Indians, his situation was still dreadful; he was completely naked, under a burning sun—the soles of his feet were entirely filled with the thorns of the prickly pear—he was hungry and had no means of killing game, although he saw abundance around him,—and was at least seven days' journey from Lisa's Fort, on the Big-horn branch of the Roche Jaune River. These were circumstances under which almost any man but an American hunter would have despaired. He arrived at the fort in seven days, having subsisted on a root much esteemed by the Indians of the Missouri.

A PICTURE OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

FROM "A SUMMER AND WINTER IN THE PYRENEES."

ONE of our first objects on arriving at Bordeaux, was to send off some of our letters of introduction, which were soon followed by a visit from an excellent Swiss gentleman, whose residence is at a little distance. On our way to the house of this gentleman, we had to cross a large public square, containing about five acres of ground, surrounded by avenues of acacias already budding, as they do with us in the months of April and May. On this place were assembled groups of people apparently from all countries, and clothed in as many varieties of costume.

But the climate—the atmosphere!—what words can describe the almost magical change to us from that of England? It seemed as if storm and tempest had never been there. The most bland and silent summer's evening in our country about the hour of nine, is not so soft and balmy; besides all which, the sunset glow of the warm south gave to the whole scene a brilliancy of effect beyond what can be imagined in our northern clime. Before us the broad river was sleeping, blue and clear, without a ripple or a wave, crowded on both sides with shipping from all the countries of Europe, the dark sides and white masts of the vessels reflected in the clear deep water; while every sail and oar remained as motionless as death. Far away, to the left, stretched the noble quay, curving with the line of the river, and forming an unbroken crescent more than three miles in extent, composed of irregular but handsome buildings, diversified by many beautiful towers and spires, which rose behind; and all constructed of that yellow kind of stone which gives to architecture the richest tints of colouring, when mixed with the venerable grey of hoary time.

No wonder that this spacious promenade should be thronged with loitering visitors, when it offers such a view. It is true the people who sauntered there were idle, but they were not disorderly; and the attractive costume of the women, particularly their head-dresses, and their clear, soft, and glowing complexions, made them all look lovely to strangers suddenly transported, as we were, from the cold and drizzle of an English winter, to this region of beauty and balm, where it was a perfect luxury to stand still, and breathe the soft evening air, without a shudder or a chill.

The common people of France, throughout the whole of our journey, had appeared to us remarkably good-looking. Their long and well-formed noses, dark eyes and hair, neat mouths, white teeth, and more than all their complexions, not fair, but rich, like the fresh bloom of a

peach,—neither red nor yellow, but just such a mixture of both as can only be described by a perfect glow; yet all the while so delicate, as the sunset tints of the western sky, though rich in colouring, are delicate in the extreme. I have seen hundreds of countrymen in France, whose portraits would have graced a picture gallery; and perhaps an equal number of women, any of whom a painter would have been glad to place on a balcony open to the setting sun, and wreathed about with roses. But a really interesting face, such a face as carries the imagination home with it—a face to remember, and to wish to meet again after many days; such a face I have seldom found in France. They are pictures all; and whether young or old, the people wear such dresses, and place themselves in such positions, that one longs perpetually to transmit them to canvass. It was a beautiful sight, for example, to see the women by the side of the road we travelled tending their little flocks of sheep, with their knitting in their hands, or more frequently spinning with the old-fashioned distaff; often seated on a bank, with two or three brown goats beside them, and a large shepherd's dog sleeping at their feet.

I have said that the head-dresses of the French women are becoming, yet doubt whether an exception must not be made of the caps worn by the old and middle-aged women in Bordeaux and the neighbourhood, which are of such enormous dimensions as almost to baffle description and defy belief. One would think it impossible to maintain such a fabric of stiff muslin in wet weather, but that in France neither men nor women are ever separated from their umbrellas, especially in the south, where they are used to keep off the sun as well as the rain, and are often of a bright red colour. The narrow streets of Paris, seen as I first beheld them, in heavy rain, gave me the idea of rivers of umbrellas; and I was afterwards amused to see the peasants of the south using these inseparable accompaniments on horseback. Even the men who break stones by the roadside have their umbrellas, which I have no doubt they would hold in one hand, while they used the hammer with the other, but that they all have screens, made of straw worked in a wooden frame, which they set up to shelter them from the wind and rain.

Besides the complexions of the people above described, every person, every object in Bordeaux seemed to wear a colouring entirely new to me; for the effect produced by a southern climate upon the aspect of nature, is such as no art can imitate, no pen can describe. In short, it must be seen and felt, to be really understood. I am aware, that much of the vividness of an impression is sometimes owing to its being the first of the kind received; yet I believe all travellers agree that Bordeaux is one of the most splendid cities in the world; its public buildings many of them unrivalled; while the busy, cheerful aspect of its numerous population, is one that never tires.

The Garonne at Bordeaux is between six and seven hundred yards in breadth; and the bridge of seventeen arches, by which it is crossed, is one hundred and nine feet longer than Waterloo bridge. The construction of this bridge is singular: it has not only an aqueduct by which water is conveyed into the city, but a sort of interior passage, or covered way, by which one may pass along over the arches, the whole length of the bridge.

INDIAN PARADISE.

THE doctrine of a life beyond the grave was, among all the tribes of America, most deeply cherished, and sincerely believed. They had even formed a distinct idea of the region whither they hoped to be transported, and of the new and happier mode of existence, free from those wars,

tortures, and cruelties, which throw so dark a shade over their lot upon earth. Yet their conceptions on this subject were by no means either exalted or spiritualised. They expected simply a prolongation of their present life and enjoyments, under more favourable circumstances, and with the same objects furnished in greater choice and abundance. In that brighter land the sun ever shines unclouded, the forests abound with deer, the lakes and rivers with fish; benefits which are farther enhanced in their imagination by a faithful wife and dutiful children. They do not reach it, however, till after a journey of several months, and encountering various obstacles—a broad river, a chain of lofty mountains, and the attack of a furious dog. This favoured country lies far in the west, at the remotest boundary of the earth, which is supposed to terminate in a steep precipice, with the ocean rolling beneath. Sometimes, in the too eager pursuit of game, the spirits fall over, and are converted into fishes. The local position of their paradise appears connected with certain obscure intimations received from their wandering neighbours of the Mississippi, the Rocky Mountains, and the distant shores of the Pacific. This system of belief labours under a great defect, inasmuch as it scarcely connects felicity in the future world with virtuous conduct in the present. The one is held to be simply a continuation of the other; and under this impression, the arms, ornaments, and every thing that had contributed to the welfare of the deceased, are interred along with him. This supposed assurance of a future life so conformable to their gross habits and conceptions was found by the missionaries a serious obstacle, when they attempted to allure them by the hope of a destiny, purer and higher indeed, but less accordant with their untutored conceptions. Upon being told that in the promised world they would neither hunt, eat, drink, nor marry a wife, many of them declared that, far from endeavouring to reach such an abode, they would consider their arrival there as the greatest calamity. Mention is made of a Huron girl whom one of the Christian ministers was endeavouring to instruct, and whose first question was, what she would find to eat? The answer being "Nothing," she then asked what she would see? and being informed that she would see the Maker of heaven and earth, she expressed herself much at a loss what she could have to say to him. Many not only rejected this destiny for themselves, but were indignant at the efforts made to decoy their children, after death, into so dreary and comfortless a region.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

SLANDER AND VINDICATION.

VINDICATION in some cases partakes of the same qualities that Homer ascribes to prayer. Slander, "strong, and sound of wing, flies through the world, afflicting men;" but Vindication, lame, wrinkled, and imbecile, for ever seeking its object, and never obtaining it, follows after, only to make the person in whose behalf it is employed more completely the scorn of mankind. The charge against him is heard by thousands, the vindication by few. Wherever vindication comes, is not the first thing it tells of the unhappy subject of it, that his character has been tarnished, his integrity suspected—that base motives and vile actions have been imputed to him—that he has been scoffed at by some, reviled by others, and looked at askance by all? Yes; the worst thing I should wish to my worst enemy is, that his character should be the subject of vindication. And what is the well-known disposition of mankind in this particular? All love the scandal. It constitutes a tale that seizes upon the curiosity of our species; it has something deep, and obscure, and mysterious in it; it has been whispered from man to

man, and communicated by winks, and nods, and shrugs, the shaking of the head, and the speaking motion of the finger. But vindication is poor, and dry, and cold, and repulsive. It rests in detections and distinctions, explanations to be given to the meaning of a hundred phrases, and the setting right whatever belongs to the circumstances of time and place. What bystander will bend himself to the drudgery of thoroughly appreciating it? Add to which, that all men are endowed with the levelling principle, as with an instinct. Scandal includes in it, as an element, that change of fortune which is required by the critic from the writer of an epic poem or a tragedy. The person respecting whom a scandal is propagated is of sufficient importance, at least in the eyes of the propagator and the listener, to be made a subject for censure. He is found, or he is erected into, an adequate centre of attack; he is first set up as a statue to be gazed at, that he may afterwards be thrown down and broken to pieces, crumbled into dust, and made the prey of all the winds of heaven.—*Godwin's Mandeville.*

ANECDOTES OF A PARROT.

MR. JESSE, in his "Gleanings of Natural History," says, that having seen and heard much of a parrot brought from Brighton, he had requested the sister of the owner to give an account of it, which she did as follows:—"As you wished me to write down whatever I could collect about my sister's wonderful parrot, I proceeded to do so, only premising that I will tell you nothing but what I can vouch for having myself heard. Her laugh is quite extraordinary, and it is impossible not to help joining in it oneself, more especially when in the midst of it she cries out, 'don't make me laugh so, I shall die, I shall die;' and then continues laughing more violently than before. Her crying and sobbing are curious, and if you say, 'poor Poll, what is the matter?' she says, 'so bad, so bad, got such a cold;' and after crying for some time will gradually cease, and making a noise like drawing a long breath, say 'better now,' and begin to laugh. The first time I ever heard her speak, was one day when I was talking to the maid at the bottom of the stairs, and heard what I then considered to be a child call out 'Payne' (the maid's name) 'I am not well, I'm not well;' and on my saying, 'what is the matter with that child?' she replied, 'it is only the parrot, she always does so when I leave her alone, to make me come back;' and so it proved, for on her going into the room the parrot stopped, and then began laughing quite in a jeering way. It is singular enough, than whenever she is affronted in any way she begins to cry, and when pleased, to laugh. If any one happens to cough or sneeze, she says, 'what a bad cold.' One day, when the children were playing with her, the maid came into the room, and on their repeating to her several things which the parrot had said, Poll looked up and said quite plainly, 'no, I didn't.' Sometimes, when she is inclined to be mischievous, the maid threatens to beat her, and she often says, 'no you won't.' She calls the cat very plainly, saying, 'Puss, puss,' and then answers *mew*; but the most amusing part is, that whenever I want to make her call it, and to that purpose say, 'Puss, puss' myself, she always answers *mew* till I begin mewling, and then she begins calling puss as quick as possible. She imitates every kind of noise, and barks so naturally that I have known her to set all the dogs on the parade at Hampton Court barking; and I dare say, if the truth was known, wondered what was barking at them; and the consternation I have seen her cause in a party of cocks and hens, by her crowing and clucking, has been the most ludicrous thing possible. She sings just like a child, and I have

more than once thought it was a human being; and it is most ridiculous to hear her make what one should call a false note, and then say, 'Oh, la,' and burst out laughing at herself, beginning again in quite another key. She is very fond of singing 'Buy a Broom,' which she says quite plainly, but in the same spirit as in calling the cat; if we say, with a view to make her repeat it, 'Buy a Broom,' she always says, 'Buy a *Brush*,' and then laughs as a child might do when mischievous. She often performs a kind of exercise which I do not know how to describe, except by saying that it is like the lance exercise. She puts her claw behind her, first on one side and then on the other, then in front, and round over her head, and whilst doing so keeps saying, 'come on, come on!' and when finished, says, 'bravo, beautiful!' and draws herself up. Before I was as well acquainted with her as I am now, she would stare in my face for some time, and then say, 'how d'ye do, ma'am?' this she invariably does to strangers. One day I went into the room where she was, and said, to try her, 'Poll, where is Payne gone?' and to my astonishment, and almost dismay, she said, 'down stairs.' I cannot at this moment recollect any thing more than I can vouch for myself, and I do not choose to trust to what I am told; but from what I have myself seen and heard, she has almost made me a believer in transmigration."

AMERICAN VARIETIES.—No. X.

THEY say the crowd was so great to see the President's inauguration, that they rubbed the paint off all the houses getting through the streets, and completely barked the trees on both sides of Pennsylvania avenue. They did not think of eating, as there would not have been a circumstance of provision for them, but they made holes in the kitchen doors, through which they took a *smell*.

Being worth half a million to-day, and without a shirt to your back to-morrow, is what we call going "from the sublime to the ridiculous."

A man being capitally convicted at the Old Bailey, was, as usual, asked what he had to say why judgment of death should not be passed upon him. "Say!" replied he, "why, I think the joke has been carried far enough already, and the less that is said about it the better. If you please, sir, we'll drop the subject." "Mr. Sheriff," said the compassionate judge, "you may let the subject *drop*!"

"I like to see folks mind their own business," as the thief said when the watchman caught him in the act.

GERMAN ENGLISH.—Advertisement stuck up at Charles-town, (Carolina,) by a German, who had lost his horse:

He is run away agen, mine little plack horse; I rite him two tays en middle te nite, and ven he not vill see shumping, he shumps as if te divel was int, and he trows me town; I not have sich fall since pefore I vas pornt. I buy him top on Jacob Shintel Clymer; he hav five white pefore, mit von plack snip on his nose, von eye vill look plue like glass. He is pranded mit John Keisler Stanger, on his behind side, py his tail.

Whoever vill take up de said horse, and pring him to me, top of mine house, near Congaree, shall pay me two tollars revard, en if dey will not pring me mine horse agen, I vill put de law in force ginst all de peoples.

HARD TIMES.—A letter from New York says, that the times are so hard that the *watchers* have stopped.—We are surprised at that, because they are the business characters that can afford to go; as they can go *upon tick* till the end of time.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

I HAVE come—I have come from the far off land,
 I have come to my home at last;
 Too long have I roamed on a foreign strand,
 When the glow of health was past.
 Oh! sadly I come to my early home,
 And tread o'er my native plain,
 But the scenes where once I have loved to roam
 Can impart no joy again.
 For the merry joys of my childhood's hour,
 They have faded fast away,
 Like the beauty fair of a summer flower
 That bloometh but for a day.
 All heedless I roamed with my playmates then,
 O'er the mountain side with glee,
 Or wandered so gay through the silent glen,
 Or played on the verdant lea.
 But the fire of youth, and the heart of joy,
 They have fled too soon away;
 O that I were again a heedless boy,
 Enrapt with my youthful play!
 But those hours are past, and their joys have gone,
 Like the fleeting rainbow's form;
 A moment they gleamed, and in sunshine shone
 To fade 'neath the coming storm.
 I was happy then, in those hours of joy,
 'Neath a father's manly care,
 Whilst a loving mother oft blessed her boy
 With many an earnest prayer.
 Ah! I left them all in my headstrong pride,
 And away, away I fled;
 And now o'er the scenes where they dwelt I glide
 To sigh o'er their lowly bed.
 The home I had pictured in fancy's hour,
 Whilst far o'er the distant sea,
 Seemed glowing and bright, with the magic power
 Of youth's dreaming ecstasy.
 And kind were the words methought would greet
 The wearisome wanderer home,
 Whilst a gentle voice in its accents sweet
 Would entreat no more to roam.
 And methought I would wander o'er the hill,
 Or roam by the warbling stream,
 Where in youth I have drank of rapture fill—
 But alas! 'twas but a dream.
 A stranger I come, and no friendly hand
 Is stretched forth in welcome kind,
 For none now remains of that friendly band
 Whom I fondly hoped to find.
 My dreamings of hope, that so fondly shed
 Their joys o'er my manhood's prime,
 Have faded away like the noiseless tread
 Of the fleeting hours of time.
 I have come! I have come!—but ah, too late
 To share in the welcome song,
 Then here I will rest, and in patience wait
 Till I join the motley throng.

A. W.

VARIETIES.

It is an easy matter to make radical reforms; the real task of wisdom is imperceptibly so to vary the working of an existing system, and proved by many years' experience to be sound in the main, as to suit the altered circumstances and exigencies of the time in which we live.

When all is done, human life is at the best but like a forward child, that must be played with and humoured a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.
 —Sir W. Temple.

Time runs on, and when youth and beauty vanish, a fine lady who had never entertained a thought into which an admirer did not enter, finds in herself a lamentable void.

INDUSTRY.—There is no art or science that is too difficult for industry to attain to; it is the gift of tongues, and makes a man understood and valued in all countries and by all nations; it is the philosopher's stone, that turns all metals, and even stones, into gold, and suffers not want to break into its dwelling; it is the north-west passage, that brings the merchant's ship as soon to him as he can desire—in a word, it conquers all enemies, and makes fortune itself pay contribution.—Clarendon.

INTEMPERANCE.—Gluttony is the source of all our infirmities, and the fountain of all our diseases. As a lamp is choked by a superabundance of oil, a fire extinguished by excess of fuel, so is the natural heat of the body destroyed by intemperate diet.—Burton.

CREDIT.—The most trifling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at five in the morning, or at nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but if he sees you at a billiard-table, or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day.—Franklin.

EVEN TEMPER.—The great duke of Marlborough possessed a fine command of his temper, and never permitted it to be ruffled by little things, in which even the greatest men have been occasionally found unguarded. As he was one day riding with Commissary Mariot it began to rain, and he called to his servant for his cloak. The servant not bringing the cloak immediately, he called for it again. The servant, being embarrassed with the straps and buckles, did not come up to him. At last, it raining very hard, the duke called to him again, and asked him what he was about, that he did not bring his cloak. "You must stay, sir," grumbles the fellow, "if it rains cats and dogs, till I can get at it." The duke turned round to Mariot and said, very coolly, "Now I would not be of that fellow's temper for all the world."—Seward's *Anecdotes of Distinguished Persons*.

That you may not speak ill of any, do not delight to hear ill of them. Give no countenance to busy bodies, and those that love to talk of another man's faults; or if you cannot decently reprove them on account of their quality, then direct the discourse some other way; or if you cannot do that, by seeming not to mind it, you may sufficiently signify that you do not like it.—Tillotson.

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further in the beginning of his satire which implies that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we should change conditions with him.

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LONDON:

W. BRITAIN, PATERNOSTER ROW.

Edinburgh: JOHN MENZIES. Glasgow: D. BRYCE.
 Dublin: CURRY & Co.

Printed by J. Rider, 14, Bartholomew Close, London.